

OSAGE VALLEY BANNER.

Vol. 1.

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Office: On first floor of Masonic and
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TERMS OF COURT.

CIRCUIT COURT: Meets Second Monday in
February and Second Monday in September,
S. L. EDWARDS, Judge.

COUNTY COURT: Meets First Monday in
February, May, August and November.
W. H. WATKINS, presiding justice; J. S. JONES,
1st district, Hiram Rupp, 2nd
district, associate justices.

PROBATE COURT: Meets Second Monday
in February, May, August and Novem-
ber, J. H. TODD, Judge.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE:
Governor - JOHN S. PHELPS.
Lieut. Governor - H. C. BROCKMYER.
Secy of State - M. K. McGRATH.
Treasurer - ELIJAH GATES.
Auditor - THOMAS HOLLADAY.
Atty General - JACKSON L. SMITH.
Register of Lands - JAS. E. McHENRY.
Sup't Public Instruction - E. D. SHANNON.
JUDGES SUPREME COURT:
Ten Years - JOHN W. HENRY.
Eight Years - WARWICK HUGHES.
Six Years - THOS. A. SHERWOOD.
Four Years - WM. B. NATION.
Two Years - E. H. NORTON.

COUNTY:
Representative - SAM'L T. HARRISON.
Circuit & County Clerk - JOEL B. CLARK.
Sheriff & Collector - PINCKNEY S. MILLER.
Probate Judge & Treasurer - JAS. H. TODD.
Prosecuting Atty - E. C. SWALEY.
Surveyor - H. S. BURLINGAME.
School Commissioner - J. M. BAKER.
Coroner - S. P. HICKMAN.

CHURCHES.

M. E. Church - Mt. Pleasant, at 4 o'clock
p. m. on the 2nd and 4th Sundays. Rev.
K. W. TWISTLER, pastor.
M. E. Church Iberia, 2nd Sunday, morning
and evening, N. B. BOWEN, pastor.
M. E. Church, Flatwoods School house, 2nd
Sabbath, 11 a. m., and Tuscumbia Saturday
evening, E. B. BRIDGEMAN, pastor.
CHRISTIAN Church Tuscumbia, 4th Lord's
day, morning and evening, W. P. DORSETT,
pastor.
SPRING GARDEN, 4th Lord's day, W. F.
Findley, pastor.
SALEM Church, on 4th Lord's day, 11 o'clock
a. m. Sam'l Dutton, pastor.
BAPTIST - For the year commencing Sept.
1877. The time of meeting of each church in
this Association is ruled by Saturday.
UNION Church - Meets 4th Saturday in each
month, J. M. Hibbs, mod.
BIG RICHWOODS Church - meets 3rd
Saturday in each month, S. O. Burke, mod.
THOMAS, Merchant, Clerk.
LITTLE RICHWOODS Church - meets 2d
Sat'y in each month, J. M. Hibbs, mod.
PLEASANT POINT Church - meets 1st
Saturday Etd. John Smith, mod.
WET GLAZE Church - meets 1st Saturday,
J. M. Hibbs, mod.
NEW SALEM Church - meets 4th Saturday,
Etd. Dutton, mod.
SABBATH School, at Mt. Pleasant, 3
o'clock p. m. every Sunday. D. H. Austin,
Supt.

MASONIC.

Tuscumbia R. A. Chapter No. 87,
A. F. & A. M., meet at their hall the Second
Saturday after full moon in each month.
D. M. HALL, B. P.
Wm. H. HANSTEIN, Sec'y.
Tuscumbia Lodge No. 437, A. F. & A. M.
meet Saturday on or before full moon in
each month.
H. BRADYFORD, W. M.
H. C. TODD, Sec'y.
AMITY CHAPTER, No. 142, O. E. S., meets in
regular communication the 3d Saturday after
each full moon, at 7 p. m., in Masonic Hall,
Tuscumbia, Mo. Visiting sisters and brethren
will be fraternally and cordially wel-
comed. Mrs. SARAH E. HANSTEIN, W. M.
Mrs. LIZZIE JOHNSON, A. M.
MISS MATTIE E. CUMMINGS, Sec'y.
Pleasant Mt. Lodge, A. F. & A. M., No. 134,
meet at their hall on Saturday evening on or
after each full moon.
JAMES JOHNSTON, W. M.
JAMES EYER, Sec'y.
Bramley, U. D. A. F. & A. M., hold reg-
ular communications Saturday night on or
after full moon in each month.
J. L. CONNER, W. M.
C. S. PHILLIPS, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.

Tuscumbia Lodge, 805,
I. O. O. F. Hold their regular meetings every
Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock p. m.
O. V. WELLS, N. G.
LOUIS LEBEN, Sec'y.
Pleasant Mt. Lodge, No. 95, I. O. O. F.,
Hold regular meetings every Saturday, at
7 o'clock p. m. Visiting brothers, in good
standing, are cordially invited to attend.
JOHN B. CROCKER, N. G.
JAS. C. SIMPSON, Sec'y.
Baria Lodge, No. 340, I. O. O. F., meet in
regular communication every Saturday evening
at 7 o'clock p. m.
ISAIAH LATCHUM, N. G.
BREWSTER T. JAMES, Sec'y.

GEO. PORTH.

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CAPTAIN STORMS.

[Cincinnati Star.]

Captain Storms put a glass to his eye, and
took a long look. Far off, blank against the
silvery horizon-line, that shapeless speck
showed. What was it? Captain Storms' pro-
longed survey ended, he slowly dropped his
glass, and turned to Mr. Scott, the mate.
"I knew I was right," he said; "it is a
wreck, a dismantled hulk, drifting about at
the mercy of wind and sea. There may be
no one left aboard, but we'll bear down and
have a look."

And then Captain Storms lifted up his voice
—a stentorian voice it was—and gave the
proper orders to the man at the masthead,
or at the helm, or somewhere—I don't know
exactly. "I would tell you the precise words
which Captain Storms used on this occasion,
if I could; but I'm deeply engaged in the
nautical matters. So you'll have to be con-
tent with learning that the gallant bark, the
Lovely Lass, bore straight down upon that
dark mass, outlined against the sunny sky."

Captain Storms leaned over the side and
lit a cigar. He was a bronzed young man,
stalwart and gallant as I take it; you sailor
men mostly are; and he looked the very beau
ideal of a dashing seaman, in his off-hand
casual costume. He had a beard, and he
had a mustache, big and brown, like himself;
and from the crown of his gleamed hair to
the sole of his boots, Captain Storms was smaller,
every inch of him.

The Lovely Lass bore down along the
sunlit tropic sea and reached that floating
wreck. Captain Storms was the first man to
leap aboard, the first man to hear a moaning
cry of a faint human voice. No living thing
was to be seen; but from a corner of the deck
that faint, plaintive cry wailed.

"There's some one alive here still," said
Captain Storms. "Speak friend! Who are
you? Where are you?"

Again that unspeakably mournful wail.
Captain Storms strode across to where a
heap of torn canvas and rotten wood lay,
and looked down. There in the garish sun-
shine with her face upturned to the serene
sky, a woman lay dead. Crouching over her,
a skeleton child, with long wild hair, sat
making that feeble moan of dumb agony.
"My child!" Captain Storms said pitifully
—"my child what is this?"

The ghastly little creature lifted a blood-
less face and a pair of hazel eyes.

"Mother's dead!"

"My poor little girl," said the sailor, bend-
ing over her as tenderly as that dead mother
could have done, "you must come with me,
or you will die, too. Come!"

She rose up—a frail little shadow of ten
years—and held up her skeleton arms.

"Peace's hungry," she cried, piteously.

"Peace is sick and cold, and mother's dead!"

And then, as the strong arms lifted her as
though she had been a wax doll, the blue
eyes closed wearily, and the weak body
dropped heavily against his breast; and hun-
ger, and sickness, and cold, and death were
all blotted out in blind darkness.

And for weary days and weary nights—
while the Lovely Lass sailed along the
southern seas, and the dead woman lay quiet-
ly under the great Pacific—the little rescued
wail lay fluttering between death and life.

And during those endless days and nights,
the big sun-browned sailor watched over his
little girl as a father—navy, as a mother—
might have done, until the fluttering spirit
ceased its struggles, and grew calm in
strength and health once more.

Little Peace—her name was Priscilla Weir,
she said; Peace for short—came up on deck
by-and-by, pale and weak still, and flpped
her story to the soft hearted sailor.

"There had been a great storm—of a
dreadful storm!" Peace said, with a shudder;
and they went away in boats—all the men
died—and mamma was sick down in the cabin,
and left behind; and Peace stayed with
mamma, and was left behind too. And then
mamma came upstairs on deck, and died;
and Peace sobbed, and was so ill, so cold; and
then you came," looking gratefully at the
captain, "and Peace doesn't remember any
more."

"Does my little Peace know where mamma
came from, and where she was going?" Cap-
tain Storms asked.

"Yes, Peace knows. Mamma came from
New York, and was going to China to papa.
Papa lived in China and was rich."

But that was all she could tell; and Cap-
tain Storms knew that among all the unlikely
things on this earth, the most unlikely now
was that papa and his little girl would ever
meet.

The Lovely Lass spent nine long months
on the Pacific coast, and then sailed back for
America.

"And I shall leave my little Peace behind,
next voyage," Captain Storms said.

"I have a sister who keeps a school in Phila-
delphia, a fashionable young ladies' acad-
emy—and Peace shall stay there and play
the piano, and talk French and paint pic-
tures, and grow up a pretty young lady."

"And I shall have silk dresses and lots of
pictures and story books!" Peace asked, with
interest.

"Heaps of 'em, Peace! And, nice little
girls to play with, and music, and dancing,
and everything beautiful all the day long."

Peace clapped her hands—that would be
lovely. So, by-and-by, when Philadelphia
was reached, the captain of the Lovely Lass
consigned his little girl—a willing captive
into the hands of Mrs. Lee. Not but that
she shed a few tears at parting too, and clung
to the sailor's neck, and was very sorry when
it came to the last, and the good-by kiss was
given.

"There—there, my little Peace!" Captain
Storms said, unclasping the clinging arms;
"you mustn't cry like that; it will redder your
eyes and swell your nose, and make you look
ugly. Keep up heart, little Peace; I will
come back in a year or two with a cartload
of presents for my little girl. Kiss me again,
and let me go."

Captain Storms imprinted a sounding smack
on the wistful little tear-wet face, and un-
wound the clasping arms and walked
cheerily along the deck of the Lovely Lass,
and quite forgetful, I am afraid, of his little
Peace and her grief.

"Dear, good guardian," thought Peace;
"he's so kind and so good-natured; and it was
nice playing on the deck of the Lovely Lass;
but, for all that, I'd rather be here, and wear
pretty dresses and with Mrs. Lee's boarders,
and never be afraid of shipwreck any more."

Captain Storm sailed for New Zealand; and
on windy nights when the doors and windows

rattled, and great gusts came down the
chimneys, Peace lay awake and thought of
him on the terrible ocean, and said her sim-
ple child's prayers for his safe coming.

Two years went by, Peace, who had
just one letter from her guardian (in all
that time, and that one said to say he
was coming back, but he never did), with
wistful longings, and that were always in
her way, high school, and prom-
inent cheek bones, and a sun-brown
tan over, he walked, with his sea-sweat,
into Mrs. Lee's parlor.

Peace, sat at the piano playing "My Willie's
on the dark blue sea," and with a shrill cry
of joy, she jumped up and flung herself
headlong into his arms.

"Oh guardy dear, guardy dear! I'm so
glad to see you again! So—so glad!"

And so am I, little Peace, and I shall be
with those long arms, and I shall be
and let us see you—

"Why how tall the guardian's grown;
getting as tall as the mast-head, by George;
and as thin as a shadow. Don't they give
you enough to eat, Peace?"

"Plenty, guardy; but growing girls are
always thin—Mrs. Lee says so. And now,
what have you brought me from New Zealand?"

"Bushels of things, Peace. They'll be here
by-and-by. How does the learning progress?
Let us hear you at the piano."

Peace sat down and rattled off polkas and
waltzes.

"And I can read French, guardy," whirling
gayly round on the stool, and drawing panoli-
drawing, you know, and do fancy work.
I like everything! And, guardy, when I grow
up and am a young lady, and my education
is finished, I want you to fit up the cabin of
the Lovely Lass with a Brussels carpet, and
a piano, and heaps of new novels, and take
me to sea with you all the time until I'm an
old woman, won't you?"

Of course, Captain Storms devoutly prom-
ised, and rose up to take his leave.

"I'm going to China this voyage," he said,
pulling his long, brown braids. "If I see
papa, I'm to give him his little girl's love, I
swear!"

"Ah! if you would only see him!" Peace
cried, clasping her hands. "Darling papa!
Guardy, he used to be in Hong Kong, I know
try if you can find him for me when you go
there."

Captain Storms promised this also, and dis-
parted. Peace clung to him sobbing at the
last.

"You'll write to me often this time, won't
you, dear, dear guardy? You only sent me
one little stinky letter last time, you know."

"All right, Peace," the Captain said.
"I'll try. I was never much of a scribe, but
this time I'll do my best."

So once again the Captain of the Lovely
Lass left his little girl, to sail cheerily over
the world; and once more Peace went back to
her her-book and fancy work.

But the months struck themselves out, and
the years rolled themselves backward, and
Captain Storms, sailing to and fro in globe,
eastern and southern climes, never came to
his little girl from abroad. His letters were
few and far between, despite his promise,
only six in six long years, and in answers he
had at least received sixty.

But the sixth and last announced his com-
ing, and told her the wonderful news that
he had met her father in Hong Kong, and
that she must be ready to go with him next
voyage to China.

Captain Storms, hale and brown, and
handsome despite his middle-age, rang Mrs.
Lee's door-bell, and strode, like a sun-burnt
giant, into the boarding-school parlor.

"But of course she couldn't know I was
coming," he thought, as he sat up his name;
"poor little girl, I hope she'll be glad to see
guardy."

The door opened, and a young lady walked
in. A tall and stately and graceful young
lady, with a dark, handsome face and
waves of sunny brown hair. Surely, surely,
this was not "Little Peace."

"My dear guardian, welcome back! Oh,
how happy I am to see you once more!"

Yes, Peace, beyond doubt; but, oh, so un-
utterly changed. Captain Storms reddened
under his brown skin, and he actually stam-
mered.

"You surely know me, I see," she smiled
brightly. "I dare say I have grown out of
all reason. Am I taller than the mast-head
now? I was almost as tall, if you remember,
six years ago."

She recollected what he had said all these
years, and Captain Storms' face beamed.

"I expected to see my little Peace, and I
find a young lady so stately and so womanly
that I am at a loss what to say to her, I'm
not used to ladies' society, you see."

She laid her hand on his arm, and looked
up in his honest sailor face, with deep, sweet-
ly, shrinking eyes.

"Talk to me as you used to, and call me
Little Peace, old guardy, how I have longed
for your coming. And my father—tell
me of him."

Captain Storms told her how, by merest
accident they had met, how he was rich and
lonely, and longed for her, but unable to
come to America; how she was to return
with him, and that the steward of the Lov-
ely Lass was to take out his wife with him
to wait upon her. And Peace listened, like
one in a peaceful dream. It was being a
heroine—it was living a chapter out of one
of her pet novels, to Romantic Peace.

So they sailed for that far-off celestial land
of tea and pig-tails, Captain Storms and his
handsome ward, and Peace had her fairy
dreams realized, and there was a Brussels
carpet in the cabin, and a piano, and lots of
new novels; and she was as happy as the days
were long.

Her music filled the Lovely Lass
with sweetest melody; her clear voice rang
out over the purple midnight sea, in songs
sweeter than the strains of the mermaid; and
her beautiful face lit up the trim old ship
like the summer sunshine itself. Peace was
bright and bewitching, and happy as a bird.

The sailors adored her as an angel of light; and
the captain—adored her, too. Sailor along,
by day and by night, through days of amber
sunshine and nights of misty moonlight, to
that distant land, Captain Storms, in his
forty-second year—old enough and big
enough to know better—fell madly and de-
votedly and ridiculously in love. He lost
his sleep and he lost his appetite, and he
hung on a girl's foolish words, and existed
only in the radiance of a pair of laughing,
girlish eyes.

"Fool, that I am for my pains!" he thought,
sometimes. "It's bitter moodiness; I am more
than double her age; and I am rough and
black and weather-beaten as the timbers of
my old ship. No, no, Harry Storms; the

only wife for you, my boy, is The Lovely
Lass."

And yet, sometimes he wildly hoped.
She talked to him so happily, she smiled
upon him so sweetly she was ever so glad
when he came, so regretful when he went.
And girls of eighteen had married men of
forty-two before now; and, oh, why should it
not happen again, and Harry Storms the
most blessed among men?

They reached China—they reached Hong
Kong—and Peace was folded in her father's
arms.

"So like your mother," he said, his tears
falling. "Oh, my child! So like your lost
mother."

Captain Storms was to stay three weeks
in the Celestial City—to visit it, perhaps,
never again. He made the most of his stay;
visiting Peace every day in her palatial home,
and growing moodier and moodier every
visit. Peace, too, drooped a little, and look-
ed at him wistfully, and lost some of that
all places. And when that day came, and
he stood up to say good-by, she broke
down altogether and cried like a very child.

"And I shall never see you again," she
said, "you who saved my life! Oh, Captain
Storms, must you go?"

And then that bashful giant took heart of
grace, as a landman would have done weeks
before.

"I must go," he said; "but we need not
part, my darling, darling Peace, if you say
so; for I love you dearly; and if you will be
my wife, we will sail together, forever and
ever, as you once wished; until our heads
grow gray. Mine is not so far from it now,"
he added ruefully.

But Peace had thrown her arms impetu-
ously around him, and kissed the dark crisp
locks.

"And if every hair were white as the foam
of the sea, I should love you, and go with
you, just the same. Why, Captain Storms,
you have been my hero all these long years;
and I should have died of disappointment, I
know, if you had left me behind."

So the China merchant lost his daughter,
and the Lovely Lass had a second com-
mander; and in all the years to come, Peace will
reign, perennial, in the heart of Storms.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

[Rural World.]

An English paper says Mr. T. C. Scott
estimates that England has about two-thirds
of a crop, and will require at least 17,000,000
quarters to supply her wants. France wants
eight millions; Italy two and a half millions;
Belgium, Switzerland, China, and the West
Indies, two millions each—together six mil-
lions; Austria, Germany, Spain, and
Portugal, one million each—together three
millions; Holland three-fourths of a million.
These show an aggregate want of thirty-
seven and a half million quarters. The
estimated surplus, after repeated revision, is
up to the beginning of this month, are now
set down as under: United States and
Canada, twenty-four million quarters; Russia,
four million; Turkey, Egypt, India and
Australia, three millions; and Algeria, 200,
000 quarters, 32,200,000 which is 6,950,000
quarters less than is required for ordinary
consumption. The circumstances, he con-
tends, more than of any we have any record,
shows clearly that the owners of wheat are
in a favorable position for holding it. Three
months ago the average price of home-grown
wheat was under 40s. a quarter; now it is 45s.
7d; in spite of the greatest importation of the
last two months ever known, ranging from
250,000 to 450,000 quarters per week, which
largely quantity is at the rate of more than
double our total consumption. These ex-
cessive importations are beginning to slacken,
our own deliveries do not amount to half
those of last year, and railway charges and
freights are rising against importers. Some
of our home industries are reviving, our
potato crop is almost lost, and there is thus
every sign that the price of bread stuffs will
rise before long.

From Abroad.

The first installment of Spanish troops for
the suppression of the revolt in Santiago de
Cuba, reached Havana Oct. 10th. The in-
surrection is mainly confined to the negroes,
most of whom are slaves. The yellow fever
is abating at Havana.—The Chilean forces
have advanced from Antofagasta towards the
river Los, which they intend to hold as a line
of operations. An engagement between the
Chilian and Peruvian fleets near Magallanes,
last week, resulted in the complete success of
the former, which captured the noted Per-
uvian iron-clad ram Buzcar. She is an iron
vessel, built in England, with a turret con-
taining two 300-pounder Armstrong rifled
cannon, and two 44 pounders and one 12-
pounder outside of the turret.—The regular
cavalry in various parts of England are held
in readiness to be sent to Ireland at any
moment. The disaffected feeling among
land renters in Ireland is spreading.—A feel-
ing is reported from the continent of Europe,
in favor of the policy of establishing free
trade among nations which are on the same
level of industrial development, and conse-
quently excluding England and America
from the continental market.—The rinder-
pest is raging in Russia Poland, and further
precautions have been taken on the Silesian
frontier to prevent its introduction into Ger-
many.—The British troops are meeting with
vigorous resistance in their march to Cabul.
The Cabines in England has decided to take
temporary possession of Afghanistan, and
this may bring on a war with Russia. It had
become evident that the Afghans would not
accept Yakoub Khan as their ruler, and the
apparently needless interference of the East
India troops in his behalf has brought about
the present state of affairs.—A great fire oc-
curred in Shanghai, China, Oct. 6th by which
991 houses were burned, mostly in the French
quarter.

Potatoes Rotting.

Much depends upon having potatoes cool
when put up. If gathered in heaps at noon,
they are more apt to rot than if left toward
nightfall. They should not, however, be
handled when wet, and care should be taken
not to bruise them in digging or handling.
Where the skin is bruised, rot sets in very
quickly if the weather is warm. To toughen
the skin, a good plan is to put in pile, but
only for a single night. The slight sweating
they undergo hardens them, but if left longer
they might rot. After the pile has been
opened a few hours the second day, they may
be again covered and left till marketed,
drawn to the cellar, or covered still more
deeply for winter storage.

Profit in Fruit Growing.

Oliver Chapin of East Bloomfield, will
have 10,000 barrels of apples on his one-
hundred-acre orchard. These apples are now
worth \$1.50 per barrel. His pears have
been profitable long before his apples, though
the were first planted. It is very probable
now that this mammoth orchard will increase
in productivity, and perhaps also in 17. It
for many years to come.

What Pluck Will Do.

The successful termination of the first an-
nual meeting of the Central Missouri Dis-
trict Fair Association, at Tipton, week be-
fore last, clearly demonstrates what pluck
and enterprise can do. A few short months
ago, three or four energetic citizens of Tipton
put their heads together to organize a fair
association. They determined to make a
success of it, and without delay went to work
to accomplish their purpose. At first it was
difficult to enthrone the people in the matter,
but the originators went ahead with that
vim and determination that characterizes
them as live business men. After meeting a
few times, an organization was effected, and
the subscription of stock was commenced.
Of course that part of the enterprise fell
heavily upon the few who had set out to
succeed at any cost. Their plans were car-
ried out, sufficient money subscribed, the
grounds purchased and buildings erected—
all completed just previous to the day set for
the opening of the fair. The location of the
grounds, the good substantial buildings,
and the excellent arrangement of everything
clearly show what pluck and determination
will do. The Central Missouri District Fair
is established on a firm foundation, and in a
few years it will be the most popular fair in
the state outside of St. Louis and Kansas
City.—Versailles Gazette.

BREADSTUFFS BOOMING.

THE WHEAT MARKET TOUCHES THE HIGH-
EST POINT REACHED THIS SEASON.
[St. Louis Times-Journal, Oct. 16.]

Great excitement prevailed on "Change
yesterday, owing to the rapid and continued
advance in the price of wheat. When the
advance began five weeks ago it was gener-
ally anticipated that No. 2 red winter wheat
would reach about \$1.25 per bushel, and the
other grades proportionate figures. The con-
firmation of a shortage in the European crop
led to the advance at first, and as long as it
did not exceed twenty-five or thirty cents on
the bushel it was considered legitimate and
the market in a healthy condition. But
when these figures were exceeded the in-
creased price was regarded as wholly specu-
lative, and the operators began to trade very
cautiously, expecting every day that prices
would decline. Two weeks ago the wheat
market did break, and a decline of nine cents
took place.

ANOTHER RISE.

This, however, only lasted for two or three
days. In spite of the predictions of the
"knowing ones" the market not only regain-
ed itself but continued to improve until yester-
day the highest prices of the season were
reached. To use an expression that prevails
on the Exchange floor, the operators are
"rattled" by the present prices. They are
at sea and unable to find a legitimate cause
for the surprising advance. It is generally be-
lieved to be speculative entirely, but where
it will end nobody is willing even to guess.

No. 2 cash red winter wheat closed yester-
day at \$1.80 and 1.32 per bushel, an advance
over Tuesday's prices of 4 1/2c and 6c. Octo-
ber delivery closed at \$1.62, an advance of
5c. November closed at \$1.33, an advance
5 1/2c. December closed at \$1.36, an advance
of 6c. January closed at \$1.38, an advance
of 7 1/2c. February closed at \$1.40.

THE GENERAL ADVANCE in the price of wheat
in the past week is about forty cents per
bushel. It is believed that the present prices
cannot be maintained, and a crash in the
market is expected in a few days. It is quite
likely that when it does come a serious loss
will be inflicted on the buyers who are now
supposed to be going astray by reason of the
prevailing excitement.

The receipts of wheat in the past few days
have been quite heavy, and there was a rum-
or on "Change yesterday that some trouble
would result from the lack of storage capac-
ity at the elevators, as with the present stage
of water, the shipments of grain from the
city were very light.

There is at present a large demand for corn
at New Orleans which can not be met owing
to the low water. Shipments can not be
made by rail at rates that have a profit to
consignors. With a good stage of water
several large fleets of grain barges would
immediately leave for New Orleans. But
until a better river is afforded the shipments
of grain must continue light.

How Yellow Fever Patients Die.